THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers,
NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS ON NEXT PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1855. WHOLE NO. 1774.

Choice Poetry.

YOUNG AND OLD.

We were but foolish, dear,
When we were young;
Hasty and ignorant,
Daring and strong;
Clutching the red grapes
Of passion or power—
Ah, they were wild grapes,
Cankered and sour!
Would we call back those years,
Younger, ghostly throng?
No. Yet be tender, love,
We were but young!

Now, growing wiser, dear,
While growing old,
No pure thought perished yet,
No warm hope cold,
We'll reap, who toiled in tears;
Scattering abroad;
Living for all mankind,
Living to God;
Holding each other safe
In a firm fold:—
We shall be happy, love,
Now we are old.

—*Chambers's Journal.*

Original Novelet.

NANCY SELWYN;

OR,

The Cloud with a Silver Lining.

A STORY OF A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MARY IRVING.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER IX.

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CHAPTER X.

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Original Sketches.

SKETCHES BY FANNY FERN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

A FERN PHILIPPIC.

Who talks of New York taste? Refresh my aching eyes, oh, Philadelphia! with a sight of thy broad brims and drab bonnets. New York has gone rainbow-mad. Dresses with plaids a yard square, or striped like the pennants of a ship. Ridiculous little brimless caps of bonnets, loaded with poppies, marigolds, asters, lilacs, roses, wreaths, sprays, buds, blossoms, beads, gauze ribbon, plumes, lace, spangles, fringe and frippery, *ad infinitum*. Their wearers, with forms frightfully compressed between whalebones, no sparkle in their eyes, no spring to their step, listless, enameled, jaded, dead- [illegible]

FANNY FERN.

Selected Articles.

SINCERITY IN DRESS.

[illegible]

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.
HENRY PHILLIPS, JUNR. EDITOR.
PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1831.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $3, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $6, a copy will be sent one year to a post office, that contains the following two names to Clubs, to be sent to the city or one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

5 (and one in the getter up of the Club,)	$9,00 "
10 (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	16,00 "
20 (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	30,00 "

Persons residing in *British North America* must remit twenty-five cents in addition to the above rates, to pay the postage, which is invariably required in advance.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their names to expire, and to end at the same time those of the main list do. We cannot accept single names at reduced rates, nor have them. Our object is to have all the subscribers to a Club end at the same time, that we may then receive their renewals.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When one sum is large, a draft on Philadelphia, at sight—the cost of which will be but 25 cents—is the best way of remitting.

Post-Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can be so transmitted.

The papers to Clubs are invariably stopped at the expiration of the period for which they have subscribed.

A NEW ARRANGEMENT.—Our subscribers will take notice that we have no collecting agents, out of this Town. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons subscribing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post paid.*

Subscribers writing their paper changed, will please give the name at the Post-Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post-Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust that each of our old friends the Post-Masters, as far as we have applied to, will do us the favor of our liberal offers themselves, with about one Postmaster in other instances, and responsible persons who will be willing to raise clubs, &c.

PROSPECTUS.

We may state, for the benefit of strangers who choose to see this number of the Post, that it is now in its THIRTY-FOURTH year, and had between 30,000 and 35,000 subscribers.

Upon the list of its contributors are enrolled the names of MRS. SIGOURNEY, GRACE GREENWOOD, MRS. SARAH J. HALE, MRS. EMMA L. SPERRY, ALICE CARY, MISTS VIRGINIA PELEG, &c. *Mrs. Southworth and Grace Greenwood will write for no other weekly paper.*

Among the original productions already engaged for the present year, we may mention

THE HERMIT IN AMERICA, by Grace Greenwood.

THE RAMBLE'S WIFE, by Grace Greenwood.

NANCY BRUCE; or, THE CHOICE WIFE. a Boston Legend, by Mary Irving.

VITTA, A STORY OF LOVE AND REVENGE, by Mrs. Southworth, author of "The Lost Heiress," &c., &c., &c.

In addition, of course, to the above, we shall endeavor to keep up our usual variety of

EDUCATIONAL, CRIMINAL SKETCHES and Letters, PORTRAITS OF LIFE in our own and foreign lands, Choice Selections from our exchanges,

AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, VIEWS OF THE PRESENT, and SPICED MATTERS, from NOTE LOST, DOMESTICS, &c., &c. Our object being to give a Complete Record, as far as our limits will allow, of the Gossip World. For terms, &c., see head of column.

NOTICE.—Club subscribers, who commenced their subscriptions with the opening of MRS. SOUTHWORTH'S story last year, are informed that the said story approaches expiry, with the number. MRS. SOUTHWORTH writes us as follows respecting the next story, which she is now engaged in writing: "As to VITTA, it is the completion of a tale I had in my mind's eye (which is the most original conception I have ever had." Perhaps we ought not to mention this though—for it was written for our private perusal.

THE LAST EXCITEMENT.

The good people of this city have been more or less excited since our last issue, by a case involving the rights of Mr. Wheeler, U. S. Ambassador to Nicaragua, certain colored attendants of his, the laws of Pennsylvania, and the anti-slavery cause in general. Mr. Wheeler, it appears, stopped at this city on his way to New York, with a colored woman and her two children—and the agents of the abolition society, on hearing of it, went down to the wharf, found all parties on board the boat, and informed the woman that she was by the laws a free woman, and could go with them if she desired to. Mr. Wheeler and his family, of course, objected, and was forced from him—but the other parties say that she eagerly acceded to the proposition, which also is accordant with the statement of the newspaper reporters.

Mr. Wilkinson, the chief agent in the affair, was then served with a writ from Judge Kane, of the U. S. District Court, requiring him to produce the colored woman and her child before said Court. To this writ Mr. Wilkinson replied that he had not the custody or possession of said parties, and never had such possession, and of course could not comply with the order of the Court. The correctness of this return was denied, and Judge Kane said—as we find it reported of having fallen his—that if the facts were as stated by reporter. Above had been *a cruel outrage of a peculiarly criminal character.* The testimony was then taken of Mr. Wheeler himself, and several other persons, as to the happiness of the servants, and especially of the children, to leave Mr. Wheeler which Mr. Wilkinson opposed by no counter testimony. The account in the Bulletin then says:

Judge Kane said the case was so grave, and its consequences might be so very great, in the remembrance, who might be affected by the condition of a prisoner, that he was desirous, before passing upon the case to take a short interval for reflection. In the meantime, bail might be taken, in $5,000, for further hearing on the second motion, on the charge of perjury; and the matter for contempt could go over.

He would also say, at the risk of its being considered extra-judicial, that if it is in the power of the defendant to produce the bodies of the three persons, it would seem to him the Judge's locker for him to do so. Judge Kane said, in conclusion, that he would hold Mr. Wilkinson in $3,000 for a further hearing at the next term of the Court on this day week.

Bail was entered. The Court room was detained crowded with spectators.

We have looked at the above case with some attention, and must say, in what we consider the very great "gravity"—as Judge Kane expresses it—of the result, the more we look, the less "gravity" it seems to us. We cannot, however, that of late years we have been gradually approaching the conception that Law, as generally administered in this country, is one of the greatest of humbugs, depending more upon the feelings and prejudices of Judges and Juries, than upon any well-established principles.

For instance, we have just seen the report, on account of a recent decision of a United States Judge in Arkansas, that "slaves are not property according to the laws of the United States:" and alongside of it these very "grave" proceedings before the discreet Judge Kane—one whom Mr. Polk wrote that very emphatic letter upon the Tariff Question, when a candidate for the Presidency. Why it is only to be paralleled by the conflicting opinions of the Kentucky Judges on the Constitutionality of the Anti-Liquor Laws—opinions which depend less upon the Constitutions of the States and of the United States, than upon the constitutions of the gentlemen giving them, and their love or hatred of a good fat and a stiff glass of brandy!

Now, as to this case before Judge Kane, it may be and doubtless is exceedingly trying to Mr. Wheeler to lose his servants in so very extensive a manner; but we would advise him to put as good a face as he can upon the matter, because, according to the laws both of Pennsylvania and of the United States, there is no help for it.

It has been decided again and again, both in the Free and in the Slave States, that the temporary residence of a slave in a free State does not liberate him. Fugitives—and, therefore, when slaves are brought by their masters upon the soil of a Free State, they become by such act Free—are not held to be protected on the ground that they have been brought there by their masters, but on the principle that the slave is not to be punished for the offence of his master. The right of transit is a right of necessity, and is guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States. Whoever, even the President himself, should undertake to interfere with the right of transit, would render himself amenable to an indictment for kidnapping, and would be punished according to the laws of the State. The Court might so justly order John Smith, a private citizen, to "bring his body and the bodies of his children, against whom no offence is charged, before them."

As to the binding over for "perjury," it is quite as sensible as the binding over in the case of Commodore Stockton, Gen. Fremont and Gen. Kearney. It will probably experience about the same fate. You may propagandize with a man who has lost the services of his servants, as much as you please—but you cannot make an illegal offence out of a perfectly legal proceeding. We feel supposed that, by "the law," it was intended to administer the provisions of the Fugitive Slave Law applies strictly to fugitives—and that no slaveholder could bring his servants to the Northern States without great danger of losing them—the laws not recognizing the existence of master and slave, except in the one single case of fugitives; and, in all cases, presuming all persons to be free until the reverse is proved to the contrary.

WHAT CONSTITUTES VAGRANCY?

Our thoughts, at the present time, are chiefly subject when examining the police records of this and other cities. We extract the following from the columns of our exchanges:—

ROBBERY.—A. C. Donaldson, a dark passenger on the steamer *Pennsylvania*, from Richmond at this port yesterday, was robbed of a pocket-book containing $170 in bank notes, by a notary, when a short distance below this city. Information of the loss was given to officers Lees and Sessoms, of the Marine Police, who arrested a young man, named Thomas Wilson, the thief, but as the crime could not be proved to-day, committed him to prison, to be examined fifteen days to-day, as a vagrant.

It is a common opinion that "every man is to be deemed innocent until proven guilty." Police magistrates habitually act this maxim in defiance. If they believe that any one arrested for a crime is guilty of it, if they cannot find sufficient evidence to secure conviction, they often adopt the plan of committing the supposed offender as a vagrant. In some cases this is right. The individual is suspected, proves that he is a mechanic, in constant employment—that he has a fixed habitation, and a family. He is not yet safe, for the Judiciary have other resources. He can be required to give heavy bail to keep the peace. Then if he has committed a breach of the peace is proven or proved, nor attempted to be, the magistrate chooses to consider that it is probable a crime may at some future time be committed; and on rigidity this prevention he avoids hoping that his victim will be unable to produce the security for his good conduct. A fine can be obtained the man is safe: if not, he is liable to imprisonment. It is not even necessary that his character should be based on that of an evil one; it is a sufficient crime to look black, ill-favored or ragged.

It is not at all clearly defined what amount of bodily or mental labor, or both combined, is sufficient to exempt the pauper from the charge of vagrancy. Actors and circus-riders are frequently in pecuniary straits when the season will indeed upon as such by many people. We are not defending them in their vocation; but we do say that the position occupied by many of them is the result of great and protracted exertion—fully as much as falls to the lot of most men in pursuits conceded by all to be industrial and useful.

Our City Fathers, in imitation of the London Mayors and Aldermen, look upon all street musicians as vagrants. In their opinion, a man can carry a heavy organ from sunrise to sunset—working laboriously to make a living, and yet "have no visible means of support." If the same men, however, were to hire a fellow-creature at starvation wages to perform an inferior—and we have heard in concert rooms instrumental efforts not equal to several organ grinders in the summer of 11,491 copies each, to be looked upon as an *artist*, and quite a respectable member of society. But I can tell the readers may remember with pleasure several of those so-called "vagrants," with their feathered tambourines, performing dollies. We remember six recently, and with unusual precision. They were not quite so fashionable as Italian prima donnas or German pianists, and the former would have dropped them out of the fashionable description, but we have stopped to listen to them with pleasure, none the less sincerely from the fact that it only required the ecstasy of a few coppers, not of the dollar that we would have been forced to pay under more ambitious composers. But those travelling musicians are but ill supplied with this world's goods. They mostly have little property in the world save their organ—some do not even own that; but, like the Arabs, are possessing more money, and consequently more "respectability." Therefore they are vagrants—and "must be put through," the lawyers say. There are still other classes who can with impunity be compelled to vagrancy. Poor children, for instance, who endeavor to dispose of a few shillings worth of apples, oranges, or other articles, at the entrance of our municipal authorities, it subjects for punishment. The fact that they have not the money enough to stock a shop or a stand, is regarded as sufficient proof of moral delinquency; so the poor little fellows are liable to alternatives of evading the care of the police, starving, having a burden to the public in its reformatory institutions.

We are glad to see that the custom of imprisoning vagrants is becoming subject to the reprobation by the press—and consequently is recognized as the feeling of the people. Complain for the first of a stand being taken and maintained by a respectable journal in a tobacco-shop, and "must be put through" is the cry of the same way of thinking.

We are daily heartened in our grievance, in act as witnesses in criminal cases. They are imprisoned, not because they have either committed crime themselves, or because they are suspected to be accessory to it, but because they have no fixed habitation to give bonds for appearance at Court—in other words, because they are poor, and have no wealthy friends.

There is, we believe, no statute which at present authorizes the imprisonment of witnesses, but it is a practice which is both arbitrary and tyrannical. It says, in fact, that a witness who is not worth so many hundred dollars is to be imprisoned legally at the option of any prosecutor; so the poor man is to be punished for no other crime than that of poverty. We confess that one who has the requisite cash, can point to that as his point of respectability, and that he can then defy the law and a prosecutor to lay a finger upon him. But as a witness he has no such cautious; are subjected to, it is the duty of the Court to see that the law is not there in full liberty and equality. It is true that these relics of old English barbarism were not in force in this State when the Penal Code was in force in a commonality professing to be free and enlightened, at the desire of Rome or the whipping-post of Delaware.

We have seen it stated somewhere that Judges generally do not understand the law they very inconveniently." We suppose that if you were to ask a Judge the reason for any one of the most trite questions—Do you consider poverty criminal?" they would answer emphatically in the negative, and look upon the question as almost that in the light of an insult. There is such a thing, however, though, between a theory and practice; and many of these men, we do not say all, would not at all object to such questions being put to them. They would then consider it just and proper to imprison a witness in a cell—and some of us are disposed to give security. They would look upon it as very unjust and improper to imprison another witness, in the person of the same man, because security. Even if they did not think it necessary to commit such a man for the crime, they would not object to it, and in cases of this character, poor crimes is equivalent to consent. Those opposed to the system of imprisonment of persons, a disposition to look upon poverty and crime as things nearly synonymous. Even those who do not directly admit it, do so by implication. They say, for instance, "a poor fellow cannot find bail," and consider that that is bail enough. We consider the principle that it is truly a remarkable circumstance that Judges and Juries can ever come together. It is useless to say that "one man is as good as another," or that "the law is no respecter of persons." Every man knows that it is aware that such is not the case. It might be the case, however, and it would be better for all classes if it were so. A great deal of the bad feeling which exists between rich and poor is, in our opinion, owing to these abuses—those which, in reality, confer no benefit upon any class, but injure all by fostering a disposition on the part of many to despise all rich men, and to break all regulations, good or bad, whenever they can do so with impunity. If there is enough intelligence in even the most brutalized mind to find injustice, and to resent it, the system must be wrong. No person finds it to be right that he should be confined, having committed no offence, to merely against a man who has committed a crime, and who, having pleaded guilty, is sentenced to a short imprisonment. The one is punished for no offence, the other for a crime.

Our whole police and Magistrates' system is wrong. It is still worse than the English system, which we have so often denounced. The Bow Street Runners are a body of men who are paid by the Government, and who are not allowed to receive fees. They are, therefore, free from the temptation to which our police are subjected, of making money by their exertions. Under the English system, a man is not arrested for a debt of less than $5. Two years ago, Pollaster, on jaundice morning, got angry with an under officer of the Police Court, and threatened to have him quite defective. He abused the man most violently, and cut him across the face with a cane. The following day he was arrested by the aggrieved person and committed—not without a scuffle. Mr. Wheeler was then called upon to bail the prisoner, which he refused to do, as the man had struck the woman, and also ordered a well-known constable to take charge of the prisoner. He was an active part in the matter. The bitter threatened to have him arrested for assault, and whether or he would be responsible for their costs. Mr. Wheeler replied, "I will be responsible for the costs, and will pay it to-day." The grounds were then discussed, and the bitter was given to understand that he would be fined $5 and costs. He was then committed to the city prison, which happened to arrive at the time of Mr. Wheeler's return to the city.

DISCHARGE OF SLAVES.—*Anderson County (Ky.) Democrat*, Aug. 27.—Several of our fellow citizens cannot lawfully discharge *common* servants, but they can discharge *slaves*. Two of our neighbors have recently done so. It does not help the matter to allow them wages, or to contract with them to work on shares, or to rent them. The only way to discharge a slave is to set him free.

DISCHARGE OF SLAVES.—The following letter from Mr. Breckinridge, in reply to a correspondent requesting information as to the mode of discharging slaves, will be read with interest:

LEXINGTON, Aug. 31, 1831.

DEAR SIR: I am not aware that any mode has been prescribed by law for the discharge of slaves. The only way is to execute a deed of emancipation, and have it recorded in the Clerk's office of the County Court, where the slave resides. I am, dear sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE.

—On one occasion, a gentleman approached Mr. Wheeler, and said that he was from Wilkes Barre, and that he had a million of dollars in the bank there, and wished to know if he could get a check on it.

A Sunday Honey Moon.—A fellow named Wm. Wilson was married last week in Chicago, Ill. Before night, Mr. Touch was arrested for a debt of $5, and lodged in jail for 27 days.

—It appears that Mr. Rose Wilmot, the betrothed husband in Baltimore, threatened to shoot Miss Robinson, the young lady who refused to marry him, if she would not go to live. The grounds were then laid for a divorce, which were granted, and now Miss Robinson has been given to Col. Wilmot, and the latter is the husband of another.

Jane 21st.—Some of the advocates of Gen. Jackson, in Ohio, have hung him in effigy.

Dungeons of Slaves.—*Anderson County (Ky.) Democrat*, Aug. 27.—Several of our fellow citizens cannot lawfully discharge *common* servants, but they can discharge *slaves*. Two of our neighbors have recently done so. It does not help the matter to allow them wages, or to contract with them to work on shares, or to rent them. The only way to discharge a slave is to set him free.

Died and Buried.—Occasional paragraphs have appeared in the papers, announcing the death of Mr. Rose Wilmot, the betrothed husband of Miss Robinson, and the Revel Instructor.

—The following is from the Baltimore correspondence respecting the "Wilmot-Robinson affair," in the *Boston Courier*, and accusing the Post of "a gross violation of the law of the land":

"Mr. Rose Wilmot, the betrothed husband of Miss Robinson, has died

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1855.

General News.

FOREIGN NEWS.

By the steamer Canada we have Liverpool dates to Saturday, the 7th inst.

There is no news of importance from the seat of war in the Crimea. No new movements had taken place on the part of the Allies.

Money was easier, though scarcely so cheap as before the publication of the French loan.

The weather in England has been favorable, and the accounts as to the growing crops were encouraging.

It is stated that General Mayran's French division, on the way to attack the fort on the extreme right, by the Careening Harbor, commenced the attack prematurely, and before the other divisions had taken their ground. Mayran fell mortally wounded, and his division being thrown into disorder, the Russians turned their concentrated fire upon the next division as it came up under General Brunet, and shattered it badly. Brunet also fell. Orders were then given to withdraw the troops into the trenches, although General d'Autemarre had meantime reached the Malakoff Tower. The retreat was effected with good order, but with great loss.

When Lord Raglan saw the defeat of the first French Division, he hastily ordered an attack on the Redan, to effect a diversion in favor of the French, although it was previously intended that the British should not attack until the French should have captured the Malakoff, inasmuch as the Malakoff's guns quite commanded the Redan. So far as civilians at a distance could judge, Lord Raglan's order to attack was a great error, for the British storming party, not being sufficiently strong to carry the works, were repulsed with much slaughter. A curious instance is, that Gen. Eyre, with 2,000 British troops, penetrated into the suburbs of Sebastopol itself, and held possession of the houses in one street for seventeen hours, but, being totally unsupported, he retired at nightfall. The inference is, that had the assault been general, or systematically planned, the city would have fallen, or at least its first line of defence might have been carried.

French letters of June 22nd say that the army was full of confidence. The approaches were pushing forward to the Malakoff Tower, and a French battery of 30 guns was nearly completed in front of the Careening Bay to keep off the Russian ships, their fire having caused much loss on the 18th.

Vienna papers say that Gortschakoff had sent for 24,000 more men, as he had reinforced Liprandi's army with another division.

The Turks and Sardinians, under Omar Pacha and Gen. Marmora, have made incursions into the lateral valleys of the Tchernaya, without meeting resistance.

Numerous works of art, captured from the Kertsch Museum, and from Gen. Wrangle's private collection, are on the way to Paris.

Mr. Stow, the Commissioner sent by the London Times to the Crimea, to administer the balance of the Hospital Fund, fell sick from over-exertion, and "routine" excluded him from the very hospital he was aiding. He was carried, in a scorching sun, to the church at Balaklava, where he died a victim to official inhumanity.

The Turco-British contingent force, now numbering 6,000 men, is in camp near Domisdere.

Careful estimates show that this war has already cost half a million of lives, and yet no decisive battles have taken place.

A despatch from Berlin, dated July 4th, states that the town of Nystadt, at the entrance of the Gulf of Bothnia, has been bombarded and destroyed.

Russian accounts, under date of June 19th, say the allied flotilla of 180 guns, fired for eight hours against the batteries at the mouth of the Narva, without effect, and then withdrew...

[illegible]

...they have caught something, the two boats then approach each other, keeping the rope taut, then haul it in, carefully, and up comes the machine. The Exmouth found the first, the Nile the second, and then the catching became so numerous that in some instances two at a time were hauled up; they were at first supposed to be only the buoys to the machine, but I am sorry to say Admiral Seymour proved them to be the machine itself in a most unpleasant manner. He was examining one on the poop of the Exmouth, and incautiously tapping a little bit of iron which projected from its side, saying, "this must be the way they are exploded," when bang the thing went off, and everybody round was scattered on the deck. Admiral Seymour was so injured in the eyes that for some time it was thought he would lose the sight of both, but I am very glad to say he can see a little out of both to-day, and no fear is entertained now of either. Lieut. Lewis, R. N., was severely wounded in the knee joint, and badly burnt in the hands and arms; the signalman, who was holding the machine in his hands, was severely burnt down the front of the body and legs; and Mr. Pelroe, flag lieutenant, had his whiskers burnt off and his face singed, and every one near was more or less burnt. It was a wonderful escape for them all. Each machine consists of a cone of galvanized iron, 16 inches in diameter at the base and 20 inches from base to apex; it is divided into three chambers, the one near the base being largest, and containing air causes it to float with the base uppermost. In the centre of this chamber is another, which holds a tube with a fuse in it, and an apparatus for firing it. This consists of two little iron rods, which move in guides, and are kept projected near the side of the base by springs which press them outwards. When anything pushes either of these rods inwards it strikes against a lever, which moves like a pendulum, in the fuse tube and the lower end of the lever breaks or bends a small leaden tube, containing a combustible compound, which is set on fire by coming in contact with some sulphuric acid held in a capillary tube, which is broken at the same time, and so fires the fuse, which communicates with the powder contained in the chamber at the apex of the cone, and which holds about 8 lbs. or 10 lbs.

At the extreme apex is a brass ring, to which is attached a rope and some pieces of granite, which moors them about nine or ten feet below the surface, so that the only vessels they could hurt, the gun-boats, float quietly over them, and now that it is known what they are, they have been disarmed of all their dread. But they prove dangerous playthings; the Commander-in-Chief was examining one of the fuse-tubes that was supposed to be spoilt, for it was full of mud and water, when he accidently touched the lever, and it exploded in his hands, scattering the mud into the faces of all present, and literally throwing dirt into their eyes, but doing no hurt.

The Russian fleet moored along the north shore of Cronstadt, to protect the approaches to the harbor, was observed to-day to consist of 22 screw steam gun-boats, one of them being of large dimensions, one paddle steamer, seven line of battle ships, six frigates, one corvette, and three brigs. One of the liners, lying in the harbor, has since last autumn been fitted with a screw propeller, and two others are stated as being under process of conversion for the same purpose.

22d. Thirty more infernal machines have been picked up to-day; a cluster of four was discovered close to the bows of the Duke of Wellington.

These instruments of destruction are placed in pairs, connected together by a rope (in the centre of which a float is attached,) at a distance below the surface of the water, varying from 9 to 12 feet. Their apex points downwards, and they are moored by means of large stones at the bottom of the sea. Through holes bored in the centre of the stones a stout rope passes, which is firmly secured to a ring screwed into the apex of the machines. Those which have hitherto been found are of too small dimensions to produce any material injury to the ships in the fleet. But, since there is no limit to their size, little doubt can be entertained that close in shore others are laid down of sufficient magnitude and power to cause serious damage to any ship under which they may explode.

THE FOUGASSES, OR SMALL MINES.—A correspondent of the London Times gives the following description of the small mines in front of Sebastopol:

"I was shown here, one of those extraordinary fougasses, or small mines, which are ex...

[illegible]

POLITICAL NEWS.

NEW YORK.—The Whig and Republican State Committee have called State Conventions at Syracuse, on the 26th of September next. A strong fusion sentiment is prevailing.

The Court of Sessions on the 18th instant, decided that, under the new law, imported liquors cannot be sold after the original packages are broken.

MISSOURI.—A pro-Slavery Convention met at Lexington, Mo., on the 12th, and was attended by a large number of delegates. After a temporary organization, Senator Atchison and Col. Doniphan were called upon to address the Convention, but declined, as they did not wish the Convention to be considered a mere instrument for their advancement. Other gentlemen addressed the meeting, expressing themselves in favor of establishing Slavery in Kansas by all lawful means.

The Convention was permanently organized by the choice of W. T. Wood, presiding officer. Resolutions were introduced, requesting the Legislature of Missouri to pass Acts, retaliating upon and discriminating against the products of the States of Massachusetts, Vermont and Michigan.

President Shannon, of the University of St. Louis, by invitation, delivered an address, setting forth Bible arguments in favor of Slavery. His speech was very ultra and inflammatory, and caused much excitement. Some of his propositions were strongly objected to.

The session of the second day was marked with considerable excitement and confusion on the subject of President Shannon's address. Finally, the thanks of the Convention were tendered him, and a copy of the address requested of him for publication. The third day was also stormy. The platform adopted is to the following effect:

That the agitation of the Slavery question in Congress or the several States must finally result in a dissolution of the Union; that the resolution of the non-slaveholding States not to admit another slave State, is a declaration of hostility to the Constitution, and that the diffusion of Slavery tends to the amelioration of the colored race, and the maintenance of the equilibrium against the non-slaveholding majority; that the Kansas and Nebraska act and the fugitive slave law have been cordially approved; that the incorporation of moneyed associations, for the purpose of the colonization of Kansas, is an act unprecedented, and an attempt to thwart the purposes of the Constitution and the enactments of Congress, and that such colonization must necessarily lead to ...

[illegible]

NEWS ITEMS.

YOUNG SEA SERPENT.—Last Thursday week, as Mr. Thomas S. Atwood, with a party of ladies, was sailing in Plymouth harbor, Massachusetts, they discovered a sea monster a short distance from the boat, resembling a serpent. The body was of a dark color, and appeared to be striped with white, and was about seven feet in length. The head was of a peculiar formation, and somewhat like that of a snake. It suffered the boat to approach to almost an oar's length before it disappeared, giving them an opportunity for a good view of the singular creature.

DISTILLING SEA WATER.—Ship Harvey Birch, at San Francisco from New York, reports that during the passage, when about 1,000 miles from Gallipagos Islands, which was the nearest land, she was left without a gallon of water, by the bursting of the water tank in the lower hold. The captain, however, rigged up a still, and for seventeen days succeeded in distilling 28½ gallons of fresh water per day, when fortunately it rained, and they were thus relieved.

By a law in France 10 per cent. of the money taken at the doors of public entertainments goes to the poor. This has been claimed and allowed at the Paris Exhibition.

A NEW KIND OF COAL IN AUSTRALIA.—It is stated that Z. Williams, one of the English Chartists who was banished to Australia, has discovered a bed of *yellow colored coal* in that country, which burns as freely as the best bituminous kinds. In all likelihood this will turn out to be a bituminous shale, and may be as valuable as any cannel coal. The discovery was made by accident.

IRON SHUTTERS.—The Board of Fire Underwriters recently decided to apply a kind of fastening to iron shutters throughout the city, (at their own expense) of such a character that one window of each story above the first may be opened *from the outside*. They will proceed at once to make this improvement. Iron shutters were introduced through the efforts of insurance companies, but failed to secure the advantages anticipated. They may prevent a fire crossing a street, but more frequently serious loss results from the resistance they offer to the firemen, when attempting to enter a building.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

ANOTHER LECTURER COMING.—Philip James Bailey, the author of "Festus," will visit the United States this fall, on an engagement to lecture before some of our literary societies.

[illegible]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

[illegible]

THE STOCK MARKET.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

[illegible]

Marriages.

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

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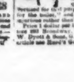

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[illegible]

Selected Poetry.

THE GIPSY GIRL.

BY MARY E. P. MOORE.

The sunshine streams in on the room,
I will not heed their beauty;
The flowers within their vases bloom,
But they are not for me.
For I am sad, and weary, too,
And it's useless, I know;
For all the world is cold and true
To the gipsy girl below.

The children shout in merry glee,
Full well do they know why;
They've come to hear the gipsy sing
Her wild, sweet melody.

Why do they look at me so?
Why do they point and call and laugh
To mock and to taunt,
Those rather rude, o'ermuch insolent?
Ah, I know why they do so.
The hour that betrays the hopes and fears
Of the heart is one of shame.

I feel a blush, let me see
Why should I blush now?
I feel it creep over my face and brow,
And it's burning hot.
Yet let them shun
The sunshine of the heart,
Which is the source of power,
Oh, let me not be ashamed to own
That I am a gipsy girl.

Yes, I am a gipsy girl,
And I own it with pride,
For I am free as the mountain air
That fans my burning brow;
And I love the wild, free life
Which I lead with my people.
I love the merry dance
By the moonlight and the camp fire,
And I love the song
Which I sing to the listening throng,
And the praise which follows it.
Yes, I love all these,
And I love the roving life
Which we lead.
I love to wander from shore to shore,
And from land to land,
And I love the freedom
Which we enjoy.
I love the wild, rude music
Which we make,
And I love the dances
Which we dance
To the sound of our own music.
I love the fortune-telling,
Which I practice
Among the throng
Which comes to hear me sing.
I love the gold
Which I receive
For telling fortunes,
And I love the applause
Which follows my singing.
I love all these,
And I love the life
Which I lead
With my people.

I must be free—life wasteth her,
And I am fain to flee—
With nature's lovely attributes
All nature's children share;
Nay, plead not; answer shall thy tongue
The mandate of the free?
Then thy false lover shall not dangle
From all Fate's left-handed.

—The (London) Zoopic.

Selected Sketch.

SMUGGLED RELATIONS.

FROM HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

When I was a child, I remember to have had my ears boxed for informing a lady visitor (on mamma's asking me) that the use of certain ornamental object on the table, which was connected with sandwiches and wine, was "nuncle." Tears of reflection upon this injury were fully satisfied (somewhat to my private object in question never imposed upon anybody); but I feel, that my honored parents, though both of a sanguine temperament, never can have conceived it possible that it might, could, should, would, or did appear to anybody. Yet, I have no doubt that I had my reasons for visiting a tacit compact in the family and among the family visitors, to think the stubborn fact of the marbled paper, and agreed upon a fiction of real mantels.

Long after this, when my ears had been pat-boxing for a quarter of a century, I knew a man with a cork leg. That he had a cork leg, or, at all events, that he was at immense pains to take never with him a leg which was not his own leg, or a real leg—was so plain and obvious a circumstance, that the whole inhabitants might have made affidavit of it. Still, it was always understood that this cork leg was to be regarded as a leg of flesh and bone; and even that the very subject of cork in the abstract was to be avoided in the wearer's ear-shot.

I have had my share of going about the world; whenever I have seen the Elgin Marbles, I have had the cork leg. I have found them in many forms; but, of all their Protean shapes, at once the consistent and strangest has been—Smuggled Relations.

I was at a country house, for many, many years, with my late lamented friend, Cogsford, of the great Greek house of Cogsford, Brothers & Cogsford. I say his extensive; I believe he had no success from me but one—his mother. That she appreciated old lady who kept the house for him was his mother, treat he his mother, wouldn't especially say anybody but his mother, was evident; not to me alone, but to everybody who knew him. She was not a refugee, she was not proscribed, she was not a bolting, they was no price put upon her vulnerable head; she was invariably liked and respected as a good-humored, sensible, cheerful old soul. Then why did Cogsford smuggle his mother all the days of his life? I have not the slightest idea why. I cannot so much as say whether she had ever contracted a secret marriage, and her name was really Mrs. Bean; or whether that name was bestowed upon her as a part of the smuggling arrangement. I only know that there she used to sit at one end of the hospitable table, the living image to a cup of Cogsford, at the other end, and that Cogsford knew that I knew who she was. Yet, if I had been a Cadwallo editor at Pickwick, and Mrs. Bean a French cinch that Cogsford was furnishing to keep from Paris to a place where he could not have made her the subject of a more determined and deliberate pretence. I was privileged for years upon years. If mischief the good old lady herself. One day I received an agitated note from Cogsford, entreating me to go to him immediately. I went, and found him weeping, and in the greatest affliction.

"My dear friend," said he, pressing my hand, "I have lost Mrs. Bean. She is no more!"

I went to the funeral with him. He was in the deepest grief. He spoke of Mrs. Bean, on the way back, as the best of women. But, even then, he never hinted that Mrs. Bean was his mother; and the first and last acknowledgment of the fact that I received from him was in his late will, wherein he entrusted to his said dear friend and executor" to observe the wishes regarded to be buried beside his mother—whom he didn't even name, he was so perfectly confident that I had distinct of the fact.

I was once acquainted with another man who smuggled a brother. This contraband minister made inquisitorial appearance and disappearance, and knew strange things. He was rabbit—simply rabbit. I have got in the habit of believing that he must have been taken a penalty to futile; some would-be author must be ever cursed. Nobody else. He came to light in this way:—I wanted some information respecting the succession of the Hanging, the range of mountains, and I applied to my friend Bowling (a member of the Geographical Society, and learned on such points), to advise me.

After some consideration, Bowling said, in a half-reluctant and considerably sorry manner, his usual frank manner, that he "thought he knew a man" who could tell me, of his own experience, what I wanted to learn. An appointment was made for a certain evening at Bowling's chambers. I noticed first, and had not expected for more than five minutes that Bowling could make a curious cloud, when his face was not concerned—in a heather, and I may say mourning manner—Mr. John." A rather stiff and shabby person appeared, who called Bowling by no name whatever (I singularly that I always observed whenever I saw them together afterwards), and whose manner was extremely distant between familiarity and disdain. I found this man to have been at one his Indies, and he possess an extraordinary fund of wonderful experience. He came from his daily at first; but he warmed, and it flowed freely, until he happened to meet Bowling's eye. Then, he subsided again, and (it appear) did no more than himself, for some unknown reason.

Bowling, I observed, was extremely fond of his friend, and put the best morsel and best of the bottle wine, that Bowling's own dinner, at which I had assisted, had produced. Mr. John's modesty, for I feel bound to say that was the principal feature in his character, was extreme. He would not touch the wine, and whether he had ever done anything right, or what he would count the world, or how. And I remember that he would not have pudding (it having) and I have got into a habit of believing that he was a man who had been at the dip of the magnetic needle—he is all vague and shadowy to me, however, and I only feel sure of certain facts from a smuggled relation.

Between people, again, put these contraband communities entirely away from the light, as smugglers of wine and brandy bury into. I have heard of a lady who served Sophia in the most intimate friend, the terrible secret that she had a relation in the world, except one who lost me my family; and then he would be weighed down by the greatness of the calamity, and would refer in his lamentations at it he lost the very shadow of himself, from whom he had never been separated since the days of babyhood. Within my own experience, I have observed smuggled relations so possess a wonderful quality of keeping out sight of him. My own dear Tom, who married my sweet sister, and who is a great linguist, never fails to speak to me of his relations' having emigrated, instead of never having. In the remotest way alluded to that relation's existence before, he had been perpetually discovering of it. "My poor, dear, darling Emmy," he said to me, within six months, "she is gone, and I have it not." Whereas, the fact was that Tom brandied one syllable to me of the existence of my Emmy whensoever on the face of this earth, in whom he had the smallest interest. He had scarcely allowed me to understand, very early after our marriage, that he had some relations—my people," he called them—down in Yorkshire. "My own race, darling Emmy," says Tom, sensibly, sending, "she has left me for a better world." Tom used to have left me for his own world, a year (fifteen years.) I repeated, feeling my way, "Emmy, Tom?" "My favorite niece," said Tom, in a voice which I knew by heart, you know. I was her godfather, you remember, darling, and blessed by myself." Promise, little royal child!" Tom burst into tears, and we both understood that henceforth the fiction was established between us that I had been quite familiar with Emmy by reputation, through a series of years.

Occasionally, smuggled relations are discovered by accident; just as those take may be, which I have referred. My dear friend, Tom Inman, of course, my wife—once discovered a large cargo in this way, which had been long concealed. In the night street with her and acquaintance of ours, who was a Commissioner of something or other, and kept a handsome establishment. We used to exchange dinners, and I believe we should have kept him at our own table, besides his father as a "poor, dear, good boy," who had been dead for any infinitely period. He was never fond of calling attention to duties of his very early days, and from these I supposed that he had been an only child. Once, however, when we, my other walking in the immediate neighborhood, happened to pass Mrs. Commissioner's door, I heard a voice in every inch of which, it is unnecessary to say, I recognized that of Tom's brother, and before me an omnibody else's friend. Having heard generality of the swell mob, my good lady's first impression was, that the voice was this honest belonged to that fraternity, but she understood the lament from the place of business, was, in every sense of the term, walking off with it, and ought to be given into the custody of the first policeman. Fortunately, however, my fearsmuch, who is not distinguishable by discovery of carrying on a conversation in a loud, reflected, as it were by a dash of indignation, that the human delight had been left with my (fearsmuch has ex eye,) she instantly recognized the voice, and the lament ceased.

Eagerly pursuing this discovery, she, the very afternoon, cracked down an ancient gee, and drove in one of his Commissioner's cabs. Next day she came upon the trail of four more rabbits and not sentries; after seeing them out of the Commissioner's quarters; and this we dug up the Commissioner's father and mother and four sisters, who had to take their cases secreted in ledgings round the corner; as per a ghraph. She arrived just exactly at the end, and after lettin' her give some directions to her nigger, I took her down to my house. My with treated her mighty civil, and every day or two we'd let her go up home and look after her concerns. In time (only we'd all about a month before Count, and one day I took it up to the gate in a powerful hurry and called me out.

"You've played thunder," said he.

"How?" said I.

"Why think of Mrs. Westbrook. He's all one and she's sent word down to her own lawyer that per out that with against her; and's got two against you: one to make you turn her out, and 'tother to make you pay twenty thousand dollars for taken her!"

"I don't believe 'em," says I.

"Makes no odds. They've done appointed a lawyer, somehow, and he's down to your house as soon as Mr. Westbrook has had a chance to swear to somethin'. Two's better look out."

"Well," said I, "I reckon I'll have to get you, too. You was along, and helped to do it."

"I can," says he, *'but they've got me for a witness.'*

I said no more, but walked right into the house, and there I found the whole family in mighty pleased, and I told her she was free to go and look after her parlors and furniture if she any board, and I hope she'd come and see my old woman, and so on and so forth."

"I'll see," says she.

She did, and the hurricane came; and he was pleased to see her, and I will say that he never forget it. She took me into Court and there warn't nothin' done with it the first time. Then I got a letter from her, and she said that she'd